THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

THE Life of Dr. Beattie, says Mr. Carpenter, printed by Messrs. Brisban and Brannan, is a valuable acquisition to the adopted literature of this country, and an elegant specimen of our increasing excellence and spirit in printing. Messrs. B. and B. could not have fixed upon a work more likely to repay them for their adventure, since it contains not merely a life of that inestimable man, Dr. Beattie, the admiration and delight of all who know him or read his writings, but a multitude of his letters to his familiar friends, which besides containing interesting anecdotes of several personages of celebrity, are replete with wisdom, piety and that true simple philosophy which dignifies the possessor. The following character of Dr. Johnson's favourite friend Mr. Langton, given in a note, will interest those of our readers who delight in contemplating the characters of good men:

"Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in the county of Lincoln, LL. D. a gentleman no less eminent for his virtues than for his ardent love of literature. Inheriting a paternal fortune that rendered him independent of any profession, he devoted himself to the study of letters, which he cultivated with uncommon assiduity, first at the grammar schools of Kensington, Reading and Beverly, afterwards at Trinity college, Oxford. His favourite study was Greek, in which he became very learned; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and had even acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew. He had a thorough acquaintance with the French language, and read also the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

But his successful and extraordinary acquirements in literature, were by no means the most remarkable part of Mr. Langton's character. His exemplary piety, his singular humility, and his unwearied endeavours in the exercise of the great duties of charity and benevolence, were his brightest ornaments. It was the emphatick testimony of Dr. Johnson in his favour, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not: sir, I could almost say, "*Sit anima mea cum Langtono*;"* and when Mr. Boswell, to whom the Dr. made the remark, mentioned a very eminent friend of theirs as a virtuous man, Johnson's reply was,—"Yes sir, but he has not the evangelical virtue of Langton." On another occasion, he said to Mr. Boswell, with a vehemence of affectionate regard, "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton."†

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, 3d ed. Vol. 4, p. 923. † Ibid, Vol. 3, p. 178.

His acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced in a manner somewhat singular. When Mr. Langton was no more than sixteen years of age, and before he went to the university, having read, with a high degree of admiration, Dr. Johnson's celebrated Rambler, which was first published about that period, he travelled to London, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with its authour. In this he succeeded and Johnson being struck with his great piety, love of learning, and suavity of manners, conceived a warm affection for him; while he, on the other hand, was charmed with Dr. Johnson, whose ideas and sentiments he found congenial with those he had early imbibed at home. From that period, notwithstanding a considerable disparity of years, a most intimate friendship took place between them, which lasted, without the slightest interruption, as long as Johnson lived. When the death of his inestimable friend drew near, Mr. Langton attended him constantly and soothed some of his last hours with the most pleasing and affectionate assiduities. Once when Mr. Langton was sitting by his bedside, Dr. Johnson is said to have seized his hand and to have exclaimed with great emphasis—"*Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*"

Nor did this amiable person, with all his attachment to literature, shut himself up in his library, or pass his time in literary indolence. Having engaged in that constitutional defence of his country, the militia, he laid aside his classical studies for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly master of military tacticks. In this pursuit he employed himself with such assiduity, that in no long period he became an excellent officer. He acquired the esteem and admiration of his brother officers not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while he procured the love of his soldiers by his mildness and humanity, which were so great that he never was, in a single instance, betrayed into passion, nor ever heard to utter an oath!

So high stood his reputation for integrity and knowledge, that many years after he left Beverly, where he had received a part of his education, a considerable number of the most respectable voters of that borough came to him and invited him to offer himself a candidate at the ensuing election, promising him their support; to which they were induced without any personal acquaintance, merely from the high opinion they entertained of his character. An offer, however, which, from motives of conscience, he thought proper to decline.

A general character of the Roman language.

We have seen the Roman language carried to its highest pitch, and equally fitted for all subjects: like the people who spoke it, strong, manly, bold and majestick. It differs from the Greek, in being less harmonious and copious; but it is more concise, and sometimes more forcible. It is, indeed, less suited for poetry, as wanting both the various cadence of the dialects, and the expressive force of the compound epithets, and which are so peculiarly beautiful, especially in Homer, as to exhibit, in a single word, more than the fullest description.

On the other hand, in prose, the Latin, as it admits more of transposition, or what is called by some, the order of imagination, its style though more difficult than the Greek, becomes more diversified; hence, perhaps, it pleases the mind more by giving play to its activity, at the same time that it fills the ear with a sufficient variety of agreeable and harmonious sounds.

After all, the Greek, from its superiour melody, dignity, and sweetness; its precision, copiousness, variety of musical dialects, and, above all, from the invention, grace and singular beauty of its authours, still ranks above the Latin, and far above all other languages whatever.

Lives and characters of eminent Roman writers.

TERENCE

Was born at Carthage in Africa. He was slave to Terentius Lucanus the senator, who gave him his liberty for his wit, his good mien and great abilities. Upon obtaining his freedom, he applied himself to the writing of comedies, and rejecting the old stage, formed himself upon the new one of Menander.

He was cotemporary with Lucilius the satirist, and Polybius the historian, and, along with them, enjoyed the patronage of Scipio and Lælius, who were then the most learned and most eloquent men in Rome. His comedies, no doubt, owe much of their polish and elegance to the correction and advice of two such eminent criticks.

Terence died about the 15th year before the Christian era. The humour of his plays will last for ages. It is natural, and, like Addison's or Shakspeare's, exhibits what mankind are in every age in similar situations. The language is of the purest kind, delicate, easy and unaffected.

TIBULLUS,

A Roman knight, born at Rome, 43 years B. C. He was the intimate friend of Horace, as we learn from one of his epistles, and Ovid composed a very fine elegy on his death.

His four books of Elegies were complete in their kind. Muret and Scaliger have both written learned commentaries upon them.

He appears to have been a man of polite manners, fond of the country, and endued with that kind of sensibility that disposes to love.

Hammond has imitated him in his Elegies with remarkable exactness, and with so much nature and ease, that he may be reckoned an original in our language. There is a more literal version of him by Grainger, but much inferiour in spirit to Hammond.

The best edition of his works is that of Broukhousius, published at Amsterdam in 1708.

VIRGIL,

Justly styled the prince of Latin Epick poetry, was the son of a potter, and born near Mantua, 70 years before Christ He studied first at Mantua, then at Cremona, Milan, and Naples. Going to Rome, he acquired the esteem of the greatest wits and most illustrious persons of his time; among others, the Emperour Augustus, Mæcenas, and Pollio. He was eminent for great talents, not only in polite literature, and poetry, but also in philosophy, geometry, geography, medicine and natural history.

Though one of the greatest geniuses of the age, and the admiration of the Romans, he always preserved a singular modesty, and lived with moderation and virtue at a time when the manners of the age were very corrupt.

He first turned himself to pastoral; and, being charmed with the beauty and sweetness of Theocritus, was ambitious of introducing this new species of poetry among the Romans. His first performance in this way, called Alexis was supposed written A. R. 709, in the 25th year of his age. He wrote the other Eclogues at different intervals, most of them being occasioned by the events of his life.

His Pollio, (a most finished piece,) seems to be rather a prophecy than a pastoral, and is so much in the spirit of Isaiah's prophecies, applied to Jesus Christ, that we must suppose that either he has seen that prophet's works, or else borrowed his ideas, which are truly divine and extraordinary, from the prophecies of the Cumæan Sybil, in regard to a divine person who was to appear and reform the world; all which he applies, no doubt, out of compliment, to young Pollio.

His Gallus is another complimentary Eclogue to his friend of that name, and is as pathetick a piece as ever was composed; the ideas are wholly pastoral, and the passion of love is described in a manner that must strongly affect every person that has ever felt it.

In his 34th year, our authour retired to Naples, and began his Georgicks,

which he undertook at the desire of Mæcenas, to whom he dedicates them; not to rival Hesiod, as he had lately done Theocritus, but to promote agriculture, and benefit his country. To this memorable poem, and glorious performance, he is said to have given seven years, to his Pastorals three.

It appears, indeed, from his own expressions, that he wished to be considered as the first who introduced both pastoral, georgick, and epick poetry from the Grecian to the Latian plains; and it is but justice to say that he did so, and was a complete master in all, and remained unrivalled in each.

In finishing his Æneid he spent eleven years. He died at Brundusium, of an asthma, in the 53d year of his age.

He was of a swarthy complexion, tall, of a sickly constitution, affected with frequent headachs, and spitting of blood. He was so very bashful that he frequently ran into the shops to prevent his being gazed at by the people. It is likewise said that he was slovenly in his dress, awkward and careless of his person, and that Horace alludes to him in these lines:

" Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
" Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo quod
" Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
" In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
" Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
" Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

He was so benevolent and inoffensive, that most of his cotemporary poets, though they envied each other, yet loved and esteemed him. In philosophy, he seems first to have inclined to the system of Epicurus, after the example of Lucretius, but afterwards to have relinquished it for the more comfortable and religious doctrines of Plato.

HORACE,

The most excellent of the Latin poets of the lyrick or satyrical kind, and the most judicious critick in the Augustan period, was the grandson of a freed-man, and born at Venusium 64 years B. C. He had the best masters of Rome, after which, as he himself tells us, he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, (as did his friend Virgil), against Augustus. Horace left his shield at the battle of Philippi, and Virgil narrowly escaped on horseback. But both were pardoned and admitted to the emperour's favour, soon after, by the interest of Mæcenas.

Horace now gave himself up entirely to the study of polite literature and poetry. Besides Augustus and Mæcenas, he was honoured with the friendship of Agrippa, Pollio, Varus, Lollius, the two Pisos, with all the wits and great men of the age, as his Odes and Epistles testify. He died at the age of 57.

He was of short stature inclined to fatness, black-haired, tender-eyed, and somewhat passionate, but easily reconciled and pacified. These are all circumstances told by himself. He left Augustus his heir and was buried in the pure air of the Esquilinian hill, near the tomb of Mæcenas.

JUVENAL

Was born about the beginning of the emperour Claudian's reign, at Aquinum, in Campania. According to the fashion of the times, being bred to eloquence, he studied first under Fronto the orator, and afterwards under Quintilian; after which he practised at the bar, and made a distinguished figure for many years. By his practice, he improved his fortune before he turned his thoughts to poetry, the very style of which, in his Satires, speaks a long habit of declamation.

It is said he was about 40 years of age before he recited his first Essay to a small audience of his friends, but meeting with great applause, he was encouraged to go on.

He lashed the vices of the times, which were then great and many, with much severity of satire and excellent eloquence. Domitian sent him into banishment for using too great liberties with him, but returning to Rome after his death, he re-

solved to forbear invective against the living and confine himself to the dead. There are still extant sixteen of his Satires, all finished pieces, descriptive, in a high degree, of the times, and full of excellent morality and the true spirit of poetry; but some of them only, are sufficiently proper to be put into the hands of youth.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH.

BY PATRICK LINDEN.

Oh, fairer than the mountain snow,
O'er which the polar breezes blow,
Which living footstep never prest,
Oh fairer, purer is thy breast!

Beneath thy cheek, O lovely maid,
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

The tresses of thy silken hair
As curling mists are soft and fair,
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck.

Sweet is the melting magick hung
In liquid notes upon thy tongue,
Whose tones might Death himself control,
And call back the expiring soul.

TO MABLE KELLY—BY CAROLAN.

As when the softly blushing rose
Close by some neighbouring lily blows,
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues.

The timid lustre of thine eye
With Nature's purest tints can vie,
With the sweet harebell's azure gem,
That droops upon its slender stem.

As when the simple birds at night
Fly round the taper's fatal light,
Wild and with ecstasy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate:

So the soft splendours of thy face,
So thy fair form's bewitching grace,
Allure to death unwary Love;
And thousands the bright ruin prove.

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes* no ray
Admit from Beauty's cheering day;
He, though he cannot see the light,
Yet feels it warm, and knows it bright.

* This celebrated Irish bard lost his sight in early infancy.

MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY OISIN.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom
The rose its tint bestow'd;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripening berry glow'd.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the cygnet's breast,
With that majestick, graceful air,
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,
And in her tresses gleam'd;
And like a freezing star, her eye
With Heaven's own splendour beam'd.

THE INCONSTANT.

By Edmund Ryan, called Edmund of the Hill.

Bright her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair and sweetly flowing,
And her eyes of smiling blue,
Oh how soft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor heart oppress'd with pain,
When wilt thou have end of mourning!
This long, long year I look in vain
To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,
And to my fond, fond bosom give thee,
Lightly then my steps would move,
Joyful should my arms receive thee.

Then once more, at early morn,
Hand-in-hand should we be straying,
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,
Love's fond vows and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and Love?—
While health and joy with thee are vanish'd—
Is it because forlorn I rove,
Without a crime unjustly banish'd?

'Tis thy Edmund calls thee, Love,
Come, O come and heal his anguish;
Driven from his home, behold him rove
Condemn'd in exile here to languish.

O thou dear cause of all my pains,
With thy charms each heart subduing,
Come, on Munster's lovely plains
Hear again fond passion suing.

Musick, mirth and sports are here,
Cheerful friends the hours beguiling;
Oh! wouldst thou, my Love, appear,
To joy my bosom reconciling—

Sweet would seem the holly's shade
Bright the clust'ring berries glowing;
And in scented bloom array'd
Apple-blossoms round us blowing;

Cresses waving in the stream,
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming;
Sweet the verdant paths would seem,
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

Every scene with thee would please,
Every care and fear would fly me;
Wintry storms, and raging seas
Would lose their gloom if thou wert nigh me.

O might I call thee now my own,
No added rapture joy could borrow;
'Twould be like Heaven, when life is flown,
To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!
See my cheek no longer glowing;
Strength departed, health decay'd,
Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?
Why pride in wo, and boast of ruin?
O lost treasure, fare thee well!
Loved to madness, to undoing.

How the swan adorns that neck,
There her down and whiteness growing!
How its snow those tresses deck,
Bright in fair luxuriance flowing!

Mine, of right, are all those charms!
Cease with coldness then to grieve me;
Take, O take me to thy arms,
Or those of Death will soon receive me.

From The Emerald.

THE WANDERER.

MOBS—"Odi profanum vulgus."

Moralists have taken such liberties with Scripture; they have in consequence so often had occasion to pray, "forgive the sins of our holy things;" that leaving books sacred to men of the cloth, The Wanderer takes a text from profane writ.

In some verse of I know not what chapter of Flaccus Horatius, may be found words, which will serve his turn quite as well as any line in the bible, and the "*Odi profanum vulgus*" enjoys this eminent advantage, that should he by any possibility be disposed to trifle, the injunction, "with reverence be it spoken," will not be imposed as a check.

When I see men on a publick day crowd round the spot of conflicting pugilists; vociferate ejaculations to give new sinews to the combatants; smile as the face grows livid, and grin as the blood runs, my fists involuntarily clench indignant; I could fight the whole. "*Odi profanum vulgus;* I then hate the mob.

When I observe the very men who are thus turbulently joyful on these occasions, effect to admire the sensibility of Sterne's black wench, "flapping away flies—not killing them," and pretend a love for dogs, cats, kittens, I think their affections altogether *beastly*.

"I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

"*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I loathe the mob.

When I mark the popular preference of *German* lead to *British* gold: when I see men flock to the theatre at the introduction of Schiller and Kotzebue, but leave the seats empty at the entrance of Shakspeare, as were those of the Roman Senate at the entrance of Cataline, as if the company of either were equally disgraceful; my blood boils; I could rend the dome with imprecations. I quit the house in disgust, and exclaim as I pass through the door, "*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I hate the mob.

When too I visit the theatre at the exhibition of the dramas of this great bard, and view the listless apathy of most of the audience, till some low buffoonery wakes them to ecstasy; I feel ashamed of my place: I shrink into nothingness. The still, small voice of some invisible prompter whispers in my ear, "*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I hate the mob.

Taste, thou "art fled" indeed "to brutish beasts,"
"And men have lost" discernment!

When I see a Council of Five Hundred, whether in French or translated, solemnly convene to debate, produce systems, and legislate; five hundred lawgivers! I turn suddenly indignant, am pedant enough to cry out, "*Odi profanum vulgus;*" and, for the benefit of country members, *I hate the mob.*

Whenever I am unluckily caught in the company of ladies, or happen

to be present *at a tea party*, where the talk is about gowns and cloaks, and becoming dresses, the beauty of a particular belle, handsome men, slander and plays, who is married and who courting, the babble confounds me. I groan out, "*Odi profanum vulgus*," and the company mistake it for a compliment. It is then more than ever that *I hate the mob.*

There is a vulgar eccentricity that is equally disgustful with the most slavish obsequiousness. Independence may be as servile as imitation. The man that labours in every action and movement of his life to distinguish himself from the common herd, is even more a slave to leave, than others are to follow the mob. In matters of indifference it is wisdom to regard fashion, and folly to oppose it. "Follow not the multitude to do evil" is the only exaction; "*profanum vulgus*" the sole object of odium. It is to do evil, not to follow the multitude to do good. It is indeed not to be among the *profane vulgar*, but it is to be the *profanely distinguished.* A man may be upright without bending backward.

There is another sort of profanity, which may be called vulgar, because common. It is that men in general are so apt to confound relative duties. Their system of principle seems to be in chaos, and the light of justice not yet to have emerged. They forget this virtue. Whatever they take from creditors, if they expend in the education of their children, they think their peace made with their conscience and heaven. But let them remember, there is no virtue without justice.

Brutus sacrificed sons, soul and body, to justice. Are we degenerate? Forbid it heaven! Not a child in the country but would rather take a stone for bread, than not have his father wear the crown of glory, integrity. The deviation is indeed amiable; but it is still a deviation. "The angel as he penned it down," might drop "a tear upon" the record; but he could not blot it out.

In one of my late wanderings I strolled near the scene of a publick execution. My eye was fixed on the scaffold. That many headed monster the people, surrounded it. The convict was separated only by a plank from the deep unknown. At that moment an apple or an egg was thrown and passed near his blindfold face. The laugh of inanity was heard hideous. Is this the nation? Nations then have no souls. It was the laugh of hell. The grin horrible struck home and sunk me in dejection. "*Profanum vulgus!*" I detest the mob.

Would to heaven civilization would utterly exterminate publick executions! They tend to convert men into fierce barbarians. They destroy sympathy and deaden feeling. Instead of preventing crimes by the force of terrifick example, they increase them by the entire destruction of those social virtues, which are essential to the existence of social purity.

For The Port Folio.

WANT OF PATRONAGE

The principal Cause of the Slow Progress

OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones
MART.

Upon the anniversary of a society, the professed object of which is the encouragement of Literature, it will not, I trust, be deemed either impertinent or uninteresting to inquire, *What are the causes to which the slow progress of it in the United States may be attributed.* In undertaking a detail of this nature, nothing more can be expected from the short space of time allowed for preparation, than the mention of those causes only, which, at the first glance, strike the eye of the beholder, while, perhaps the secret springs which give motion and energy to the whole, may still remain unexplored. Should this imperfect attempt however, lead others to pursue the

subject still further, and should the detection of the causes which impede the progress of Learning, prove a mean of hastening the removal of them, the labour of writing will not have been bestowed in vain.

The motives which prompt the mind to the pursuit of knowledge, may naturally be reduced under the two following heads: The acquisition of Fame and emolument, and the promotion of Happiness. So nearly, it is true, are these two causes connected, that it may be questioned whether any man ever pursued science as a mean of procuring honour and emolument, without at the same time loving it. To a mind in which good sense, and a correct taste are happily blended with the noble and generous ambition of attaining to whatever is excellent in man, nothing can be more lovely. And as the mental Sun rises above the horizon the more charming and the more extensive does the prospect appear. But the reverse of the proposition does not hold true. Many are the instances of men who in the pursuit of science have braved all the difficulties which penury and the cold indifference of mankind could possibly throw in their way. It was necessary therefore to consider the acquisition of fame and emolument, and the promotion of happiness, as two distinct causes which are frequently united, but as frequently operate alone. Unless then we embrace the absurd idea, that the mind can never act without an adequate motive, we must allow that the increase of literature will be commensurate with the extent of this operation. To how great a degree, therefore, fame and emolument may be said to exist in the United States, as incentives to the pursuit of learning, is the inquiry which first demands our attention.

Reputation, it is said, is power, and consequently to despise is to weaken. In this country, the fate of learned men has too much evinced the truth of it. The ultimate causes to which this want of reputation may be attributed, appear to be these two: Want of discipline in our schools, and the almost universal pursuit of wealth by our citizens.

"In colleges and halls," says Cowper, "in ancient days,

"There dwelt a sage called Discipline.
——————————Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving, vig'rous plant;
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined, at length, into the vale of years:
So Colleges and Halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.

But in America, poor Discipline has met a harder lot. Instead of being honoured and supported, during even his better days, he has here been suffered, a needy mendicant, to beg from door to door, and to think himself fortunate indeed if he could find shelter and provision for a single day. The curbs "for the mulish mouth of headstrong youth," so far from being broken, have never been employed; "bars and bolts" have never been invented; and the "massy gates" have opened without requiring the effort even of a single touch.

How melancholy, yet how true is the assertion! Look at the greater part of our schools; and if any doubts exist upon your minds, there find them removed. See the idle sports, the vicious pleasures, the general dissolution of morals which there prevail. It is idle to think that without the strictest discipline, these disorders can be remedied. The active mind of youth must ever be employed, and if care be not taken to give it a proper bias, it will seek one for itself, and that most usually proves a bad one. However, therefore, the hatred of restraint may prevail upon the minds of men, the principle ought not to be extended to the education of youth. Rigour, the severest rigour, is alone capable of bending the stubborn human heart, that "world of iniquity," to the practice of virtue; and habit, assisted by the divine cooperation, can alone restrain it there.

Corruption then is the natural consequence of want of discipline; let us now consider the causes and effects of the general pursuit of wealth.

The theory of a perfect equality among men in a republick, has, I doubt not, long since been banished from the society of the wise and good, as a monster of the brain, which, till the nature of man is radically changed, can never be expected to exist. But there is another opinion, equally erroneous, which, it is to be feared, more generally prevails, and is more difficult to be removed.—If you ask what causes the preeminence of men in a republick, you will be told (and frequently by men of sense) that it is the preeminence of their virtues. What a pity is it that so pleasing a theory can never be reduced to practice! The soundest politicians have ever agreed that the great defect of popular governments is the want of *energy*. It is easy to *make* laws, but it requires a strong hand to *execute* them. Hence it is that virtue is said to be the basis of a perfect republick, because such a government can exist among those only who obey from principle, and not from fear. But, alas! where is this people to be found?—No Christian can ever believe that where the restraints upon vice are less, the love and the practice of virtue can be more.

What then, it may be asked, constitutes this preeminence? The answer is obvious. It is the difference of wealth. This alone gives the distinction and influence which gratifies the ambitious mind; what cause then, is there for wonder, when we find the pursuit of it, almost the universal occupation of the inhabitants of America. Ambition, indeed, has too much influence over the minds of men to suffer them contentedly to remain upon the plane of their equality. The natural tendency of each is to soar into a higher region, and as it attempts to surpass the others as they rise, by flying upon a bolder and a stronger wing, so also it directs its flight to that quarter only in which it can be most accelerated.

The constant fluctuation of property causes this to become a perpetual employment. As no entailments of estates are permitted, it seldom happens that the same family remains in the same circumstances longer than one or two generations. If we view the state of society, not only in Connecticut, but in the greater part of the United States, we shall generally find that the wealthy part of the community are those who have risen from indigence and obscurity, either by their frugality and incessant industry, or else in the shorter and more rapid course of speculation. I do not mention this as if it were dishonourable; on the contrary, those who from being indigent and unknown, have risen by their industry to become opulent and distinguished, unless they have endeavoured, as is too often the case, to make the world forget what they have forgot themselves, are highly to be commended. The induction, however, to be made from these particulars, is obvious and conclusive. The national taste must become depraved, when such is the national occupation. For it is certain that when the mind is for a series of years engaged in the contemplation of one object only, like the bow, by being continually bent, it loses the power of relaxation. The bias becomes habitual, and it considers every thing of little consequence which has no reference to its favourite pursuit. I appeal to experience to decide whether the man who, during the better part of his life, is engaged in the procuration of wealth, does not believe every other pursuit as of little moment when compared with his own.*

But although the general and continual search after wealth has so manifest a tendency not only to pervert, but even to destroy, the taste of the nation, yet its effects are innocent when compared with those which attend the possession of it. Behold then another instrument for promoting the cause of vice! If want of discipline give birth to dissolution of

* The authour is happy in being able to number upon the list of his acquaintance, several exceptions to this position. They are not, however, sufficiently numerous to make him doubt, in any measure, the truth of it.

morals, wealth fosters the bantling and nurses it to manhood. The seeds of corruption sown at the school shoot up luxuriantly under the warm sunshine of affluence,

"Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum."

The cause of learning is intimately connected with the cause of virtue, and consequently the decline of one accompanies that of the other. As the pursuits of vice centre wholly in the procurement of sensual gratifications, the attention of the mind which it influences is, of course, entirely drawn from the contemplation and improvement of its own powers. Hence those powers become relaxed; they grow feeble from the want of vigorous action; and the mind sinks under the labour of application, as the pampered body, whose nerves are unstrung by indolence and excess, faints under any exercise, however gentle. When such becomes the case with the great body of the community, then it is that learning and the professors of it are equally neglected. The solid, the useful studies of an alert, and bold, and vigorous, and active mind, are deemed unworthy of attention. Nothing pleases but the brilliant sallies of the imagination, which it requires no labour to understand, and which, like the meteor, sparkle for a moment, and then disappear without leaving a trace behind. Application is decried as drudgery, and Genius considered not only as its superiour, but as absolutely doing away the necessity of it.

Yet how fallacious is this idea! Whatever may be the powers of the mind, application alone can call them into action. It is absurd to substitute one thing for another, when the natures of each are so widely different. Learning is the knowledge of facts, and application alone can collect them. But the leading quality of genius is the power of invention; that quickness of apprehension which discerns the connexion of ideas however remote, and like the magnet, and with the same inexplicable power, separates from the great mass of thought those materials which are necessary to its purpose. But the feruginous particles must be collected before the magnet can operate, and Application must furnish ideas before Genius can compare or compound them.* Application lays the foundation; Genius raises the lofty superstructure. Application is the soil which produces the fruits; Genius is the sun which, by its invigorating warmth, causes those fruits to ripen, and vegetation to become more rapid.

From what has now been said, let us make the application to our own country. Look at the occupation of its inhabitants, and you will generally find that the whole extent of their reading is comprehended in the productions of the imagination. The taste for Novels and all other kinds of light reading, has risen to an astonishing and alarming height. Like the lean kine of Pharaoh, they have swallowed up all other reading, and like them too, they have not looked the better for it. The evil consequences attendant upon novel reading are much greater than has generally been imagined. Few writers who forge a series of events, consider the responsibility which they are under, and the hazard attached to the undertaking. Without having truth for their basis, they are continually liable to give false notions of things, to pervert the consequences of human actions, and to misrepresent the ways of divine providence; for "the ways of men," as a learned and sensible authour observes, "so far as they are passive under the consequences of their own actions, are the ways of God."†

(To be continued.)

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* Vide Gerard on Taste. Part 3, Sect. 2. On the connexion of Taste with Genius.

† Vide Works of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, vol. XI, p. 236. To this authour I am indebted for most of these observations upon novel reading; but as I have not the book at hand, I cannot ascertain to how great an extent.

Mr. SELFRIDGE's CASE.

Hitherto we have preserved a profound silence on this subject; for we deemed it highly improper, *pendente lite*, either to examine the law, relative to homicide, or to relate the circumstances, which attended the catastrophe. It is, however, by no means so unwarrantable to state exculpatory circumstances, pending a prosecution, as it is those, which tend to criminate. In the former case, we do but concur with the presumption of law, which supposes every man innocent, until he is convicted of guilt; in the latter case, we violate a principle, essential to the existence of civil liberty, by preoccupying the publick mind with anticipated guilt, we inevitably preclude the accused from the possibility of a fair trial, and defeat the benignant provisions of the common and statute laws of the country. The democratick presses unanimously pursued a course opposite to that, which we adopted, as the rule of our conduct. They exerted all their malignant influence, from the first moment of Mr. Selfridge's confinement, till his final deliverance; to profane the altar, to prostitute the temple, and to poison the fountains of justice.—Mr. Selfridge neither replied to his enemies, nor appealed to the justice nor compassion of his friends. No Federal paper in the Union ever attempted to excite popular prejudice against any individual, who had surrendered himself to the law; and whose life was to be put in issue at the bar of his country. No Federal paper ever pursued an individual after a fair and honourable acquittal, by a miscellaneous panel. Mr. Selfridge did not challenge a single political adversary on the jury. Nothing can more strongly evince the proud confidence which he felt in his own innocence. We do not hesitate to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that the life of no gentleman in our country, since the Revolution, has been put in more imminent peril by extrajudicial means. Never before has the liberty of the press been employed to invade the jurisdiction of the courts of justice; and the Federalists have discovered the most torpid apathy at this violation of all principle, and with it, all security. *The torrent roared; but they did not buffet* it. They regarded it, as the murmurings of a distant waterfal, reckless of the desolating consequences which must follow from nonresistance. If a man, who has committed a supposed crime, be abandoned by the laws to jacobinick cannibals; if Democracy unbolt her kennels, and set her bloodhounds upon the chase; if a Judge, *who dare expound the law*, be torn from the seat of his authority, or degraded in it; if witnesses and juries be stigmatized with perjury for having done their duty; if counsel for the accused must encounter all the scoffings, and insults, and revilings, of the scullion crew, and the demoniack rabble, we may indeed exclaim—"Farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness!" Must we bow down in sorrowful accordance to these miserable measures, "or by OPPOSING, end them"? Are we to teach our children to cherish and revere the lofty sentiments of ancient liberty; or must the rising generation be taught to venerate the genuine Robesperian democracy as the legitimate legacy of their fathers? Notwithstanding we had determined to make no comments pending the prosecution, yet, since the acquittal, we have felt loosened from that restraint. Still we did not immediately enter upon the subject, apprehending the possibility of misconceiving some principle, or mistating some fact. The Report of the Trial, and Mr. Selfridge's own defence, are both in the hands of the publick: and we will now essay a brief compendium of the whole transaction.

Mr. Selfridge was applied to, professionally, by a publican, to institute a suit against Mr. Austin and two other persons, who composed a democratick committee of arrangements, and who furnished a dinner upon Cop's-Hill on the 4th of July: the committee not being willing to pay the innkeeper the

sum which he demanded. The conduct of Mr. Selfridge on this occasion was highly creditable to himself. Although he was offered the demand by the publican for less than its moiety; by which he would have gained a hundred pounds or more, he absolutely declined to purchase it, alledging—"*that every honest man set his face against such practices*," and advised the innholder to settle the demand himself, or to submit it to reference. After much more delay, than professional gentlemen usually give, a suit was commenced; soon after which a settlement took place. The malicious Federalists became acquainted with the facts, and were so outrageous as to laugh at, and despise the contemptible meanness of the committee. Mr. Austin was undoubtedly galled at these *quips and quirks, and paper-bullets of the brain;* and as he had long been in the habit of reviling the gentlemen of the bar, he had nothing to do but to add a new lie to his old catalogue. He declared to a Mr. Babcock, one of his own party, "*that Selfridge had solicited the suit;*" and he used similar expressions of the "*Federal lawyer*" who filled the writ; and declared if it had not been for such *disgraceful interference*, no difficulty would have ensued. These declarations having come to the knowledge of Mr. Selfridge, he called on Austin, who gave him no satisfaction. The next day he sent Austin a polite note by a friend, requesting him *to have the goodness to do him the justice to enter his protest* against the falsehood, which he had circulated relative to his professional conduct, in the cause above alluded to. Although Austin acknowledged that he had propagated the story, he refused to retract it. After much shuffling and many prevarications by Mr. Austin, Mr. Selfridge wrote him a second note, couched in very caustick terms, and which would have probably terminated in an affair of honour, *had not the better part* of Mr. Austin's *valour* consisted in DISCRETION. One of two alternatives was peremptorily demanded by Mr. Selfridge. Either that he should acknowledge in writing, the falsehood which he had propagated; or give up the name of his authour. These reasonable and pacifick terms were refused; and the calumny was still circulating, to the great detriment of Selfridge. After the lapse of two or three days, Mr. Selfridge posted Austin in the Boston Gazette, as "A LIAR, A COWARD, and A SCOUNDREL," alledging in his note his reasons for so doing. On the same day, Austin instigated his son, a vigorous, athletick young man, about nineteen years of age, to beat Selfridge on the publick exchange. Stimulated with brandy, and armed with a club, he sallied out to meet, as he supposed, his *unarmed* adversary. The moment he saw Selfridge, without giving any notice, he ran upon him with an uplifted bludgeon, with a degree of violence, which denoted an intention of depriving Selfridge of the power of resistance by the force of his first blow. The weapon was a nine ounce hickory cane, selected that morning for the purpose. The first blow across Selfridge's head, was so powerful as to break through a "*stiff fur hat*," and inflicted a wound so severe, that his surgeon declared "*it might have been attended with fatal consequences.*" The assailant was repeating his blows, when Mr. Selfridge, with all possible dexterity, took a pistol from his side pocket, and by discharging it, put a period to the existence of his opponent. Whether the pistol was fired before, or after the first blow, we consider perfectly immaterial. By the strictest legal principles, no man is bound passively to receive a blow which *may* endanger his person; and WE MOST DECIDEDLY HOLD, THAT DISGRACE IS TO BE AVOIDED, AT EVERY HAZARD. Mr. Selfridge immediately and voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of Justice; he submitted to his fate with manliness; and he surmounted his difficulties with honour. The laws of his country, not from any failure of testimony; not from any lack of asperity in his prosecutor; not from any predominance of party spirit; but from the immuta-

ble principles of Justice, have pronounced him innocent, and have justified his deed. In the rectitude of this decision, after a careful inspection of the Report of the Trial, we heartily accord: And it is our unalterable opinion, that the blood of an imprudent son lies at the door of a wicked father.

We again enter our solemn Protest against all discussions,* tending to prejudice the publick against any prisoner, who is to be tried for any capital or subordinate offence; and also against persecuting a man by newspapers or mobs, after he has been honourably acquitted by a jury. This is indeed ASSAILING THE VERY CITADEL OF LIBERTY. We hope that upon this great principle of security the Federal Editors will take a decided stand.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

I have known merchants with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen; and I have seen persons in the rank of statesmen, with the conceptions and character of pedlars. Indeed my observation has furnished me with nothing that is to be found in any habits of life or education, which tends wholly to disqualify men for the functions of government, but that, by which the power of exercising those functions is very frequently obtained, I mean a spirit and habits of low cabal and intrigue; which I have never, in one instance, seen united with a capacity for sound and manly policy.

Burke.

From the Charleston Courier.

ODE TO SUSPICION.

Degeneros animos timor arguit.

VIRGIL.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah! who is yon, with haggard mein,
That lurks in secret place unseen;
Yet from the den where he is pent,
Full many a wary look is sent;
Now every way, with cautious gaze,
The wide extended space surveys,
Looking around with eyes askance,
Then sudden turns with eager glance,
When, hark! he hears the rushing wind
Disturb the rustling leaves behind;
Then down upon the earth, aghast,
In haste his trembling limbs are cast?

Yes, now I know the monster well:
Suspicion, progeny of hell;
Of Guilt begot, of Danger born,
And nurs'd in Fear's grim cave forlorn:
Away, tormenting fiend, away,
Nor urge with Innocence thy stay!
Hence! and in some dreary cell
With the trembling miser dwell;
Feed him with fantastick fears
Of want in his declining years;
Bid each hollow blast that blows
Wake the wretch from short repose,
To snatch his bags, and eager hold
From fancied thieves his idol gold.
Find where, immers'd in tears and sighs,
The half neglected lover lies,
And place full in his tortur'd sight
His fair inconstant all the night;
And to augment his soul's despair,
Place thou his hated rival there;
Let him the willing charmer kiss
And feast in luxury of bliss.

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* The Editor of The Port Folio is solicitous to recal the attention of the publick to a similar system of tyranny, exercised towards him *prior* to his taking his trial in the year 1805, for a libel against democracy. Long before the presentment was made or a bill found against him, men, in general, and the State's Attorney in particular, were, in a prostitute paper published in this city, *goaded* to the commencement of legal hostilities. The event of that ridiculous warfare is notorious. The Editor gained a most signal victory over the malignant foe, whose impotent efforts he now remembers with no other emotions than those of compassion and contempt. But the attempt, on the part of a foreign renegado, to prejudice a publick and to dictate to a court, was so absurd as well as atrocious, that it never could have been dreamed of, much less hazarded, under any honest, virtuous, or stable polity. A proceeding so romantically wild, and so unblushingly flagitious, was reserved as a sort of new farce, to be exhibited with mountebank dexterity, among the SHIFTING SCENES OF A COMMONWEALTH.

Or find where under midnight skies
Athwart the gloom the murd'rer flies;
Whilst he the stings of conscience feels,
Be thou, fell monster, at his heels;
Possess his madly beating brains
With racks and gibbets, whips and chains;
Let every bush and waving tree
Pursuing bloodhounds seem to be!
Or find the *man* whose *iron* sway
Makes abject prostrate slaves obey,
Who by oppression swells his state,
And in their misery grows great;
Picture some chief whom Justice draws,
Espousing the afflicted's cause,
Aiming the meritorious blow
To lay the ruthless *tyrant* low!

For me, no wealth I have to keep,
No gold to break my silent sleep,
No faithless maid my fancy warms,
No rival youth my fears alarms,
No blood my guiltless hands hath stain'd,
Oppression's rod I ne'er maintain'd;
Free is my heart and void of fear,
Then come not with thy scorpions here;
Thy foul suggestions hurt not me,
The guilty only harbour thee:
Then hence! tormenting fiend! away!
Nor urge with Innocence thy stay.

G. TURNBULL.

—

Cigarrs.—In face of a host of arguments our literary loungers contumaciously insist on being indulged the gratification of tickling their noses and burning their tongues. If you allege that the practice is vulgar, you are answered, Sir W. Raleigh is equally famous as a man of fashion and a philosopher as for his habit of smoking. Should you object to them the ladies' dislike to the practice, they will tell you that Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, was fond of a pipe, and used humorously to say, that *all the pleasure of the evening ended in smoke.* If lastly you oppose to it kingly authority, urging that James I wrote a treatise *against the smoking of base tobacco*, the smokers will reply, we burn none but what is *good.*—*M. Anthology.*

MERRIMENT.

The P—— of W——, one evening at the Pavilion, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on the bosom of lady H—— C——, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it. "Bless me sir," said she, "what are you doing?"—"Only trying to make *an impression upon you*, madam," was the reply.

—

Mr. Garrow was one day relating that he had a client to defend, against whom an action was to be brought at the suit of an architect, who, amongst other useful erections, had built him no less than six water-closets. The plea he stated to be set up in defence was that of nonage. This plea, observed Mr. Mingay, must be unavailing, as minors are compelled to pay for *necessaries.*

—

Mr. Hare had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed two of them at the door:—"Pray gentlemen," says he, "are you *Fox* hunting or *Hare* hunting this morning?"

—

As a country gentleman was reading a newspaper in a coffee-house, he said to Mr. Holcroft, who sat next to him—"I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers."—"Look among the robberies!" replied the other.

—

After Mr. Boaden had read his *Aurelia and Miranda*, in the Green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," said Mrs. Powell.—"What can that be?" said our authour. "*To be obliged to sit and hear it!*"

—

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the Minister, as *Manager of the House of Commons;* here there was a general cry of *Name him, name him!* "No," says Mr. Fox, I don't

choose to name him, though I might do it as easy as say JACK ROBINSON.

—

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well-known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-Park Corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of a hundred guineas, with the Honourable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest were speaking of it to the Dutchess of Gordon, and added, that it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her Grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body cuts, but nobody mends."

—

Mr. Windham, stopping to change horses, one day, in travelling to the country, called for a newspaper, when the landlord brought him the *Morning Chronicle*.—"Take away that *abusive* paper," said he, "and bring me the *Times*."—"*Indeed Sir*," replied the landlord, with great *naivete'*, "*you are as much abused in the Times as you are in the Chronicle*."

—

Mr. T—— T——d being in company, some years ago, with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F—x had never been oftener *on his legs* in any one session than he had in the last. "True," replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes, "*for the Jews left me not a chair to sit on*."

—

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a d—'d *Scotch cobler*, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that *I* have?"

—

An old harridan being carried before Justice Bond, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged upon her. "Housewife! housewife!" said the Justice, "how have you the assurance to deny it; you do keep a brothel, and I will *maintain* it." "Will you?" replied the old lady; "the Lord bless you; I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman."

—

As Suett and Bannister were walking once in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the Bath coaches roared out, "How are you *Dicky Gossip?*" "Why," exclaimed Suett, "how should that man know me?" "Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is *on the stage*."

—

Wewitzer, of Drury Lane Theatre, a gentleman no less distinguished for his merit as an actor and his good character as a man, than for the amenity of his manners and the neatness of his wit, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost: "I cannot," said Stitch, "exactly say, but you may depend on it, sir, that it will come very low." "Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a spencer*."

—

One of our modern spungers was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there's nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

—

At the time that Mrs. Robinson was writing memoirs of her life, a lady asked Mr. Sheridan how he thought she would depict herself, when she came to that part of her life where adventures of gallantry formed so conspicuous a figure." "Oh!" said he, "I dare say she will represent herself only as a bust."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The annexed production was ushered into this "breathing world" on Friday evening between the hours of ten and twelve: It is the legitimate offspring of Idleness begotten by Love. Should you think proper to sentence it to suffocation, let the incongruity of its parentage mitigate the severity of its fate.

RHAPSODICAL HYMN TO CUPID.

Oh thou! who from thy realms above
Guidest the unerring shafts of love;
O lovely little smiling god
Who prostrates monarchs at thy nod,
Hear! Oh hear a melting elf,
A pure disciple of thyself,
If among thy brilliant train
One *mortal* goddess doth remain,
Whose form eclipseth Sappho's self,
Give, oh give her to thy elf.
Grant her, Cupid, Clara's kiss
Burning with ecstatick bliss;
Let fluttering Sylphs in transport sip
The electrick fluid of her lip,
Whose luscious pout invites to bliss,
And speaks the raptures of a kiss;
Gently swelling to be press'd,
Place Delia's white voluptuous breast,
On which Imperial Jove might rest;
Enclos'd within this sacred grove
Dwells all the mysteries of love:
Here the entrancing Graces sport,
And speechless Transport holds her court;
This is the Heliconian spring,
Inspir'd bards first learn to sing,
And warm'd by true poetick fire
Gently touch the thrilling lyre,
Till panting with supreme delight
Impetuous Reason wings her flight.

AMERICANUS.

New-York, March, 1807.

—

EPIGRAMS.

For The Port Folio.

Applied to the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished Mrs. D——Y.

You bid me be free, and you say we must part,
Since Absence alone can regain me my heart;
Your advice dearest D——y, how vain to pursue,
Who that ever knew Freedom could ever know you.

Another to the same.

How could my heart of Cupid's power beware,
Whose bowstring is compos'd of D——y's hair?
Or, when the urchin shoots, his skill defy,
Whose arrows are the rays of D——y's eye?
Or how escape Love's fascinating wiles
Who tunes her voice and animates her smiles?

—

On the death of an eminent Jeweller.

Poor Will who in jewels was never outvy'd,
And by precious stones liv'd—of a carbuncle dy'd.

—

Chloe vows that she never *gave* Damon a kiss,
Yet permits him to *steal* one, nor takes it amiss:
Thus in vain to her Prudery she flies for relief,
And forgets the *receiver*'s as bad as the *thief*.

—

Ah! gentle Sleep, though on thy form imprest,
Death's truest, strongest lineaments appear,
To share my couch thy presence I request,
To sooth my senses with repose sincere.
Come, wish'd for Rest, and all my cares relieve,
For at thy kind approach all cares retire,
Thus without life how sweet it is to live,
Thus without death how pleasing to expire.

—

To Damon's self his love's confin'd,
No harm therein I see,
This happiness attends his choice,
Unrivall'd he will be.

—

Dear Cupid, I cried, do consult with your mother,
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart,
Kind Cupid obey'd: Venus too play'd her part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with *another*.

—

To Fortune I but little owe,
A losing gamester cried,
Be thankful then, for all must know,
You owe enough beside.

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